

# Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 5.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1837.

NUMBER 8.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

G. V. MILLETT.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.

One dollar & seventy-five cents at the end of six months.

Two dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.

COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS or business must be addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

## THE COTTAGE ON THE CAPE.

BY CHARLES P. LESLEY.

'Put the large lamp in the window, wife—it is a dismal night, and hard will it be for the poor sailor if he has no beacon to guide him through its darkness.'

'Hard indeed, James, unless the Almighty should watch over him and guide his vessel. Terrible—terrible storm! May God have the poor seamen in his keeping!' solemnly ejaculated the woman, as she hung a large brilliant lamp in the window of the cottage facing the sea.

'Amen—amen!' was the hearty response of her husband.

At the time of which we are writing, light-houses were not so plenty as at present. Beacon lights are now gleaming all along our coasts, so that the mariner proceeds on his course in the night season with as much safety, nearly as he does in the day time. Then rarely was the sailor blessed with the sight of a light, and it was the custom of those who lived by the seaside, when the night was unusually dark, or stormy, to put a bright light in their window facing the sea, in case any vessel should be passing. Where now the revolving, the colored, and the double lights are seen directing the mariner which way lies his course, and warning him of dangerous points and snaken ledges, then a few scattered house lamps gave forth their feeble rays, which were rarely seen in the distance in nights when the atmosphere was thick.

James Richards lived on Cape \*\*\*\*\*. His house, a neat one-story building, was situated on the furthest point of the cape towards the sea. He was an old sailor, and had followed the sea until he was three score years of age when he bought this spot and built him a house. It was a dangerous part of the coast, and this was one great reason, he said, why he settled there. 'For he meant to keep a bright light burning in a dark night to light his brother tars on their way.' And so he did while he lived, inasmuch, that Richard's light was proverbial for being the brightest and most constant of any along shore. Another reason why he liked the place was, he had been so long, he said, used to the roar of the sea, that he was like a child that could not sleep unless its accustomed lullaby was sounded in its ears; and here the sea kept up a perpetual roar. It was never so calm that the surf did not give out its never echo. But when the storm had stirred up the deep, and the wind came from seaward, then did the lashing of the waves come like full thunder to your ears. And then would the look of anxiety be visible upon the features of the old sailor, as he sat in his chair listening to the dash of the spray, forced by the high winds hard against the side of his dwelling; and then too would the light trimmed lamp send from his window its bright rays, which, if they benefited no one, showed the benevolence and good heart of the old man.

Richards' family consisted of himself, wife and two sons, the eldest thirty, and the youngest twenty-five years of age. 'And smart active boys they are too,' the old man would say, 'as any about these parts. Show me one stronger at the oar than John, or quicker at the line than Samuel! For catching fish, I put them two boys again any two the Cape can produce; and for cleaning 'em Sam Stebbins is no touch to them!' In truth this was not all a parent's boast; for John and Sam Richards were noted from \*\*\*\*\* Island to Cape \*\*\*\*\* for being the smartest hands at an oar or a line of any in that neighborhood; and this was no mean praise in those days.

The afternoon of the day on which our story opens, had been lowly, and appearances betokened a tempest. The two young men had been absent about a week on a fishing cruise. They were therefore anxiously looked for all the afternoon by their parents; and more especially, as they had outdied their usual time of absence. As the day wore away, and the appearances of a storm increased, the mother's fears arose proportionally; although the father was too much of a sailor to be frightened as he expressed himself, at a black cloud. However, as the day drew near its close, and the wind began to increase, and the old man became uneasy, and his eye was directed often than usual seaward. The sun went down luridly in the west, and the large waves began to heave in with their feathery tops. The old man left the house and proceeded to the shore. There was a smooth sandy cove which made a snug little harbor; but save this, the Cape was lined with high rugged and shelving rocks. Mr. Richards seated himself on the highest eminence—Broadstone, it is called, directly on the peak of the cape, from whence he could overlook the sea at all points.

Here as he sat gazing off, he would mutter to himself—'I don't like that white streak in the east, it is a weather lifter and bodes no good; and the scud there in the south looks badly skimming over the water at such a rate. It will be an ugly night, this. The plague is in the boys that they don't come home—they ought to know better than to be abroad such weather as this!' Time and again as the dusk crept on, he would visit Broadstone, and throw anxious glances about in hopes of detecting an approaching sail, and then he would give vent to his spleen for their absenting themselves in which, however, fear, as could be easily seen, rather than anger was predominant. Darkness settled on the earth and ocean, still nothing met the eyes of the anxious watchers, but the dark green waves, rolling rapidly to the shore with a sullen and fearful murmur. The light had been put to the window of the cottage, and the solemn 'God have the seamen in his keeping,' said by Mrs. Richards, yet neither husband nor wife had said a word to each other about the peril of their absent sons. They seemed to hold back with fear from speaking of them as in danger, and wondered only at their long stay, and hoped they would soon come. As the hour grew late, and the heavy gusts of wind swept by, and Mr. Richards had been once or twice to the shore without any signs of their approach, their anxiety was too great for silence, impatient prayers were put up by the mother for her sons' safety; while the father in a voice slightly trembling tried to comfort her, by saying—'fear not wife—the boys are strong, and a better boat never swam; they are well acquainted with the coast. Besides, God will have them in his keeping, and will not leave us childless in our old age.—Cheer up, and put your trust in Him, whose bidding—'peace be still!'—the wave cannot harm them.'

Two o'clock came and went by. The boys came not. The storm was at its height. After walking the room a while, Mr. Richards asked his wife to prepare a lantern. 'I am going,' said he, in answer to her enquiries, 'to kindle a fire on Broadstone, if possible. Keep a good heart—trust in God and all will be well.' So saying he left the house. It was but a short time before he had a bright light kindled on Broadstone, which threw its light far on the troubled waters.—'Pray God the youngsters may see it!' the old man murmured to himself as he heaped on the brush. He will not leave me desolate in my old age! Take me, Father Almighty, dropping on his knees and raising his arms in prayerful attitude—'take me but spare my children! take me an nothing worth—a worn out hulk, but spare the boys to comfort and support their aged mother!' A hand at this moment was laid upon his shoulder, and a trembling voice said hastily, 'James, James—H's will, and not ours be done!'

'Wife, how came you here?—You should not be out in this tempest.'

'Hark! there it is again—I was sure I heard it!'

'Hark what?' said her husband in astonishment.

'Hark—listen!' said she pointing her arms seaward.

Here was a fine scene for a painter. By the full glare of the fire, now blazing high in the air and now quivering low to the earth, as the wind lulled and increased, the old man might be seen with his head bent, and his body placed in an attitude which denotes the senses of the man entirely fixed on one object. His wife stood beside him, with one arm resting on his shoulder and the other stretched towards the turbulent sea, dashing and foaming around, her whole appearance exhibiting the same intense attention. Her head being bare, her long gray hair hung loose about her neck, and gave her an air of peculiar wildness.

It was but a moment when a bright flash was seen and a report was borne on the breeze from the seaward.

'They are coming—the boys are coming! burst simultaneously from the aged pair.

'They see the light,' said the wife hurriedly.

'Let us heap on more wood, James—praise God!'

'We have reason to praise Him, wife, and may He who has protected them thus far, restore them to us in safety!'

He will—he will,' said the agitated wife, as she heaped large quantities of brush on the fire.

As the flames shot up in the air, and were curled about by the wind, the old man and his wife seated themselves to await the approaching vessel, that contained all that was dear to them.

Their eyes were strained towards the cove in the hope of seeing her in that direction; but happening to turn their eyes, they saw the little schooner dashing over the waves right towards the high rocky part of the Cape. They both uttered a cry of horror.—'Death—inevitable death seemed the doom of those on board.'

Onward she came, now rising high on a towering wave, glittering on its top like a frightened bird—and now plunging down on the frightful gulf of foaming waters, as if to destruction.

Then slowly rising again, still struggling towards the rocks. The aged pair stood for a moment like statues, gazing on the scene before them, until the bark shot into the shade made by the cliff and was lost to sight. Instead of running frantically about accomplishing nothing, as is

too often the case in scenes of alarm and danger, the 'old sailor' was put on. Bidding his wife advance to the edge of the cliff with the lantern, Mr. Richards, with the speed of one some two scores younger, went to the house, procured a coil of rope and a 6-thing line, and was back to the cliff in less time than his wife.

At this place the cliff rose forty feet, perhaps, above the level of the sea.—About two thirds or more of the way down was a shelf, projecting out three or four feet. It was here the boat came ashore.

'Husband!' said Mrs. R. wringing her hands in agony—'what shall be done? what can be done! Father in Heaven, couldst thou not have spared them to us?'

'Peace—wife, peace!—wouldst thou, child, thy maker? say not a word, but attend to me, it is no place to be womanish here. Now, wife, pitch your voice to its shrillest tone, above that of the wind, and see if the poor boys are alive to make answer.'

The woman did as she was bid; and bending over the cliff screamed in a high sharp tone—'John—Samuel! my children!'

Her voice rang slightly above the dash of the waves and blast of the gale.

'Mother!' came faintly up with the roar of the sea.

'Quick—the light—there is hope!' said Mr. Richards. Immediately the lantern was lowered down by the line, and by its feeble light the oldest son could be seen on the shelf leaning back against the jagged rocks looking upwards.

'There is but one—it is John!' said the old man wildly, as he bent in his eagerness fearfully over the edge of the cliff. 'The rope, wife—the rope!' shouted he. In a second it was lowered down; swayed to and fro by the wind. John was not long in possessing himself of it. But what was the old man's horror, when he saw his son cast off his jacket, and grasping the end of the rope, walk to the very edge of the shelf, as if to jump into the waters that foamed at his feet.

'What is he doing—he is leaping into the sea! Merciful parent—boy—boy, will you leave me childless in my old age?' shouted he, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he saw his son dive into the sea. He stood transfixed with horror. In a few minutes, however, John appeared on the beach, and commenced giving pull the rope. The old man commenced giving directions to his wife to watch the motions of John. He soon made signs to stop hauling, and then was seen to lift the apparent lifeless body of his brother to the shelf. After examining the rope he made signs for them to hoist again. It was a sad sight to witness that old man, by the uncertain light of a fire—the rain beating upon his gray head—straining himself to raise the corpse of his own son from the depths below; and when the body was raised to the cliff, to see the aged mother clasp it in her arms, and hear her voice, thick with agony—'Samuel, my son—would to God I could have died for you! The wind and heavy rain the while beating down upon her uncovered head, and flinging her grey and tangled tresses wildly to the air!

The old man's attention was now directed toward rescuing his other son, who was in imminent danger, as the tide was setting in, and ere long would probably wash him off the ledge of the wind having raised it to more than its usual height. He made fast the rope to a neighboring tree, and bending over the cliff, gave direction to his son to avoid the sharp rocks that jutted out, as he attempted the perilous ascent, steadying the rope and encouraging him the while.

'Father, your hand!' said John, breathing thickly, lifting his arm to the edge of the cliff, with high exhaustion. At the moment he uttered these words, the rope, which had been against the rocks, parted, leaving him dangling by one hand to the edge of the cliff, and by the other to the tired arm of his father.

'Wife! wife!' shouted the old man, in a voice hoarse with agony; leave the dead to attend to the living! His wife was so absorbed in grief she paid no attention.—'Woman!' shouted he in a voice of despair—'Will ye sacrifice the living to the dead? Will you see your first born perish? Quickly, for my strength fails.'

'What—what would ye, my husband?' She started up, and seeing the situation of her husband, stretched on the ground at full length, holding one arm of her son, she sprang forward, and bent down, grasped his other hand, and with almost supernatural strength, by one effort, lifted her son safe on to the cliff, and then sunk beside him with no more strength than a child.

She soon recovered, and their attention was turned to the younger son, who lay stretched out on the wet ground without sense or motion, exhibiting a pale and ghastly face as the light from the first expiring fire occasionally flashed over it.

'Is he dead, father?' said John, as he gazed wildly in his face. 'It was an ugly blow the main boom gave him as we struck.'

'Heaven be praised,' said his father, 'that we have one left—and thankful I am that the waves did not devour him. Wife, let us be comforted that his grave will be on the land,

and that he was not fated to float in the cold caverns of the deep.'

'Father—mother!' said John, who had bent beside his brother, 'he lives, I feel his heart beat!' and true enough it beat with returning life, and by midnight they were all gathered, a happy group, in the front room of the cottage, congratulating each other, and thanking God for their safety.

Where stood the humble cottage of James Richards, a brilliant light-house now stands; and it is the 'best light' on the eastern coast.—Old John Richards is the keeper of it. Visit him, and he will tell the story I have related, far better than I have done; and will show the graves of his father and mother; and will tell how he and Sam worked for them and made them comfortable in their old age; how, after they were dead, Sam went to sea and found, after all, a grave, in the cold caverns of the deep; and that he never lights the lamps of the lighthouse, without thinking how eagerly he watched the fire kindled by his father on 'Broadstone' in the night of the tempest, when he was out in the boat tumbled about by the waves; and how, upon the dark and angry waters, he vowed, if God spared his life he would consecrate it to him, forever and ever, and try to sin no more how Sam broke his vow that same terrible hour—ever since which the world went hard with him, until he was punished by a drowning death—of his own vow he speaks not, but from appearances, he has not forgotten it.

YOUR CHILDREN.—Sit down among your little children, and let me say a word to you about family government. We good people of America, in our rage for self government, are in danger of not governing ourselves. Our lads grow up insubordinate; finding out, to our and their cost, that 'it is a free country.'

An English traveller could find no words in the United States; all being either children or men. The evil is undeniably on the increase. Parents are abandoning their reins; and when once this shall have become universal, all sorts of government but despotism will be impracticable.

Take that forward child in hand at once, or you will soon have to be his suppliant rather than his guide. Thy thing was accomplished by mere dint of authority; but the new way is as bad on the other side; no man is reduced to the necessity of choosing an extreme.

We often visit houses where the parents seem to be mere advisory attendants, with a painful sincerity. Let such hear the words of a wise Congressman, of New Jersey, and a signer of the Declaration. 'There is not a more disgusting sight than the impotent rage of a parent who has no authority. Among the lower ranks people, who are under no restraints from decency, you may sometimes see a father or mother running out into the streets after a child who has fled from them, with looks of fury and words of execration; and are often stupid enough to imagine that neighbors or passengers will approve them in their conduct, though in fact it fills every beholder with horror.'

I am afraid none of us need go many rods from home to witness the like. What is commonly administered as reproof is often worse than nothing. Scolding rebukes are like scalding potions; they injure the patient. And angry chastisement is little better than oil on the fire. Not long since I was passing by the railroad from Newark to New York. The train of cars pursued its furious way immediately by the door of a low 'shanty,' from which a small child innocently issued, and crossed the track before us just in time to escape being crushed by the locomotive. We all looked out with shuddering when lo! the sturdy mother more full of anger than alarm, strode forth, and seizing the poor infant which had strayed only in consequence of her own negligence, gave it a summary and violent correction. Inference: parents often deserve the strokes they give.

Implicit obedience—and that without question, expostulation or delay—is the keystone of the family arch. This is perfectly consistent with the utmost affection, and should be enforced from the beginning, and absolutely.—The philosopher whom I cited above, says of parental authority: 'I would have it early that it may be absolute, and absolute that it may not be severe. It holds universally in families and schools, and even the greater bodies of men, the army and navy, that those who keep the strictest discipline give the fewest strokes.'

Some parents seem to imagine that their failures in this kind arise from the want of a certain mysterious knack, of which they conceive themselves to be destitute. There is such a knack, but it is as much within reach as the knack of driving a horse and chaise, or handling knife and fork, and will never be got by yawning over it.

Not only love your children, but show that you love them; not by merely fondling and kissing them, but by always being open to their approaches. Here is a man who drives his children out of his shop because they pester him; here is another who is always too busy to give them a good word. Now I would gladly learn of these penny-wise and pound-foolish fathers, what work they expect over to turn out

which shall equal in importance the children who are now taking their mould for life. Hapless is that child which is forced to seek for companions more accessible and winning than its father or its mother.

You may observe that when a working-man spends his leisure hours abroad, it is at the expense of his family. While he is at the club or the tavern, his boy or girl is seeking out-of-door connexions. The great school of juvenile vice is the street. Here the arching, while he 'knuckles down at law,' learns the vulgar oath, or the putrid obscenity. For one vulgar at the fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel. Here are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gaming, theft, and violence, I pray you, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourself; sink your roots deeply among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things else, which your offspring may follow. The garden plant seems to have accomplished its great work, and is content to wither, when it has matured the fruit for the next race; learn a lesson from the plant.

## GOOD ADVICE.

Not many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing matters with his son, who was complaining of the pressure.—'Rely upon it, Sammy,' said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, 'murmuring pays no bills, I have been an observer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any thing the better for flogging. The more you groan the poorer you grow.'

Repining at losses is only pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice, that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, 'there is something which you have got to learn.' Sammy don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children.'

'Aye,' cried Sammy, 'you may say that, and a mother in law and two apprentices into the man can teach here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.'

'Solidly, Sammy, I am older than you. I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens I could tell you stories of the continental money, when granddaddy used to stuff a sukky box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan; and then Jersey women used to thors for pins, and laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you may learn? You may learn these seven things:

First—That you have saved too little and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser; but I have seen you giving your dollar for a notion, when you might have laid one half aside for charity, and one half aside for a rainy day. Secondly—that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you that credit was a shadow; it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he sees the substance. You may also learn, that you have followed the opinion and fashion of others, till you have been decoyed into a bog. Thirdly—That you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race. Fourthly—That no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody could go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

Fifthly—That you have not been thankful enough to God, for his benefits in times past. Sixthly—That you may be thankful that your lot is no worse. And lastly—To end my sermon you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of their infancy, Give us this day our daily bread.'

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows. Newark Advertiser.

Liverpool papers to the 16th have been received at New York—they are a few hours only later than those received at Boston, and contain no additional news. We submit the state of the Cotton Market on the 16th.

Liverpool 16th August, 1837.

The demand for Cotton has continued brisk since our Circular of the 29th inst. and the business has been extensive at a further advance of 1-4 per lb. except for good and fine qualities which have not improved to the same extent.—This makes the advance about 3-4 per lb. from the lowest point of the market three or four weeks ago in inferior to fair qualities. There has been a material improvement in trade at Manchester both for goods and yarn which has induced the consumers to increase their stocks and it has caused some speculation and we have also had the benefit of a moderate export demand.











